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long, double banked. The men are all fastened to the thwarts by ropes, and cannot be washed from their seats. As a pleasure-boat she answers extremely well. And with respect to safety I can say, that I have sailed in her from Brighton, round the Cor-

nish coast to Conway, in North Wales, without any accident, though we experienced some dreadful weather on our Voyage.".....*Nicholson's Journal of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and the Arts*, vol. xxi. p.25, with the plan,

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANALYSIS OF 1808.

AN ODE, ADDRESSED TO THE PRINTERS OF
THE BELFAST MAGAZINE.

Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

GOOD Messieurs Printers, SMYTH and
LYONS,

Nurses and accoucheurs of science,

Plying aloft there, at your Magazine,

From case to case so nimbly roving,

Your ALPHAS and OMEGAS moving,

O'er Koster's* sable imps, supreme you
reign :

Making them skip, like conscripts, to their
places,

Where rank and file, arrang'd in iron
spaces,

They form divisions, now, as grenadiers,
Araia, as Voltigeurs, diffusely cracking,
Now overthrown, the rogues are sent a
packing,

And heap'd in holes together, lie in
tiers.

What will you cause these imps of yours
to say ?

When they *try back*, in order to display

A brief epitome of last year's wonders,

Will they, in terms of truth and candour
state,

A faithful picture of a scene, replete

With statesmen's errors—military blun-
ders?

One royal house dethron'd—another fled ;
Commerce convuls'd—war's horrors wide-
ly spread—

Conventions—edicts—orders, and embar-
goes,

Arms—horses—powder—men, and cash
in cargoes

To Spain transported, there to reinstate

King FERDINANDO, on his father's seat,

Restore the inquisition, and replace

In monkish splendor, all the monkish race.

Should these same imps of Bonapart'
say ought ;

Take the advice of one by prudence taught,

* Laurentius Koster, a citizen of Haarlem in-
ventor of moveable types.

Of BONI always as you go along,

Say " every action of his life was wrong,"

Call him " a monster—tyrant—hell-hound
—thief,

Robber—and murderer—hypocrite; in brief,

Pour torrents of abuse upon his head,

Else—what you say of him, will ne'er be
read.

Should LUSITANIA chance to be the theme,
VIMERIA's battle, or—they must not name
The officer commanding, but assert,

" That every British soldier did exert

His native prowess, and that vict'ry flew,

From rank to rank, commanding to pursue

The routed Gauls, till General SUPERSEDE,

With raven's scream their martial ardour
staid,

Croaking in accent like the voice of fate,

The dismal order—BRITISH TROOPS retreat !

This *facite General*, what he is, or who,

Whether *Sir Arthur—Harry—or Sir How !*

INQUIRY DOETH NOT TELL ! and therefore,
num,

Mynheer Van Koster must, on this be dumb,

Should Spanish patriotism next come on,

God knows, to praise it, all are very prone,

And much, *all like* a fashionable road :

Upon this subject, to remove all doubts,

And more sublimely sympathize our
thoughts,

From OLD ALCÆUS—take the following
ode :

" What constitutes a state ?

Not high-raisd battlement or labour'd
mound,

Thick wall or moated gate,

Not cities proud with spires and turrets
crown'd,

Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,

Where, laughing at the storms, rich navies
ride,

Not starr'd and spangled courts,

Where low-brow'd baseness wafts per-
fumes to pride :

No—MEN, high-minded MEN,

With powers as far above dull brutes en-
dued,

In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks, and brambles
rude :

Men, who their duties know ;
But know their *rights*, and knowing, dare
maintain ;

Prevent the long aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the
chain :

*These constitute a state,
And sov'reign LAW, that states collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing
ill ;*

Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend *discretion*, like a vapour sinks,
And e'en th' all dazzling *crown*,
Hides his faint rays and at her bidding
shrinks, &c."

Perhaps this ode may teach us to explain,
Why, matters went not otherwise in
Spain,

Now show some learning, 'twill obtain
you fame,
And tell us all about the ancient name ;
Ebra, a passage—*Shaphan* a rabbit—mind,
In both these words, *Chaldaic* roots we find,
IBERIA and *HISPANIA* thence are brought,
Which quickly give the derivation sought,

Of *VIRIATUS* sing, and tell us how
The rugged Shepherd from his mountain's
brow,
When *Roman Eagles* did his plains assail,
"Rush'd like a torrent down upon the
vale,
Sweeping" their forces from the bloody
field;

In various battles made their leaders yield ;
And, for a season the confines of Spain,
From Rome's all-conqu'ring legions did
maintain.

When foul corruption o'er the Senate
reign'd
And civil strife with Roman blood had
stain'd
The Campus Martius ; great *SERTORIUS*
view,
T' *IBERIA*'s shores, retiring with a few
Of *ROME*'s LAST CITIZENS, and there erect
A new republic, with whose force he
check'd†,
And in successive conflicts overcome,
All the aristocratic power of *Rome*.

His government on virtue founded rose
In strength superior to surrounding foes ;
From his peninsula, he always drove
Each proud invader who against him strove ;

* Spain has always been famous for Rabbits, as a
proof that they still abound there, see *Benabarie's*
address to the *Corregidor of Madrid*.

† A bone for the Belfast Critics.

Till vile *Perpeanna* sunk in treach'ry's
flood,
With factious dagger drank his sacred
blood.

By luxury debas'd, the Roman name,
And Roman province soon a prey became
To *VISIGOTHS* led on by *LEOVIGILDE*,
Who many years, of Spain the empire
held.

After long lapse, and many foreign
shocks,
See fam'd *PELAGIO*, on *ASTURIA*'s rocks,
Defeat the crescent, reinstate the cross,
And drive the *MOORS* from *SPAIN* with little
loss.

Now to your *Imps*, I vow and I declare,
All this historic lingo makes me stare :
How does it touch the present state of
Spain ?

Good Mr. Querist, " 'tis an alter'd day,
SERTORIUS & co. (your *Imps* will say)
Good Lord !—were Heroes and com-
manded MEN !

Again, unto your *Imps*, I say, how
how ?
Your *Imps* will say " such men are not
there now ;
For if they were, and ALL the *SPANISH*
FOLK,
Determin'd to resist a tyrant's yoke ;
The EMPEROR *NAP*, with his immense ar-
ray,
In three short weeks, " *they'd drive into the
Sea*,"
Edentecullo, Jan. 3, 1809. CALDERONE.
To be continued.

HOPE AND LOVE ; AN ALLEGORY.

WHEN guilt had first provok'd the wrath
of heaven,
And wretched man from paradise was
driven ;
Onward he mov'd with tottering steps and
slow,
While every gesture spoke remorse and
wo ;
Dejected melancholy mark'd his air,
His darken'd features clouded by despair ;
Without one cheering thought to soothe his
breast,
He wander'd forth to seek a place of rest.
All nature seem'd his deep distress to
share,
Gloomy the skies, and heavy felt the air ;
The flocks no more their wonted sports
pursu'd,
Nor birds, that joyless morn, their songs
renew'd,
An awe-struck silence every creature
kept,
Save, that alternately, Eve sigh'd and wept.